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A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear

DESIGNED BY
THE LITERATURE DEPARTMENT OF
THE NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY
TO REVIEW THE HEROIC TRADITIONS
OF THE LOWER CAPE FEAR
AS AN INCENTIVE
TO THE ACHIEVEMENT
OF A MORE GLORIOUS FUTURE



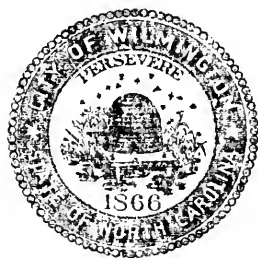
SPENCER COMPTON

Earl of Wilmington and Viscount Pevensey, Speaker of the House of Commons

From the portrait by Bosdet, Royal Academy

Courtesy of the owner, Dr. James Sprunt

A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear



WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION BY
CITIZENS OF WILMINGTON
IN NORTH CAROLINA

WITH THE SUPERVISION OF
FREDERICK HENRY KOCH
*Professor of Dramatic Literature in the University
of North Carolina*

PRINTED BY
WILMINGTON PRINTING COMPANY
WILMINGTON, N. C.

10 1991
10 1991

To

JAMES SPRUNT

A LOYAL SON OF THE CAPE FEAR
WHOSE EFFORTS HAVE PRESERVED
OUR GLORIOUS TRADITIONS
To POSTERITY

517025

National recollection is the foundation of national character.

EDWARD EVERETT.

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Communal Pageant-Making

BY FREDERICK H. KOCH

OUR CAROLINA country from Cherokee to Currituck—from the Great Smoky Mountains to the shifting dunes of Hatteras—affords a remarkable ground-soil for pageantry. Here is an untouched store of brave tradition—legends of the “Lost Colony” of Sir Walter Raleigh, of the intrepid pirate Blackbeard, of the Croatan outlaw, Henry Berry Lowrie; here are brave tales of the Revolution, of hair-breadth escapes of blockade runners in the War Between the States; here the deeds of the indomitable pioneers, of Daniel Boone, of bonny Flora Macdonald, of the patient Town Builders of Old Salem: here, too, the lore and balladry of our sturdy mountain-folk—a wonder-field for the making of pageants and plays of the people.

Because of her unique position in the making of American history, it is especially fitting that the City of Wilmington in North Carolina should embody her heroic heritage in an historical *Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear*. Here was the first armed resistance to the tyrannous Stamp Act; here, at Moore’s Creek, was the first victory of our American arms in the War of the Revolution.

Also in her contribution to the beginnings of American dramatic literature Wilmington has played a notable part. Here, in Wilmington, Thomas Godfrey wrote *The Prince of Parthia*, the first tragedy written in America by an American. Here flourished for many years a noteworthy group of amateur players, The Thalian Association, including in its active membership such distinguished citizens as Edward B. Dudley,

the first Governor of North Carolina elected by the people, and boasting a theatre of its own as early as the year 1800, when the town could claim scarcely more than fifteen hundred souls.

A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear was written in collaboration by a group of citizens of Wilmington, members of the North Carolina Sorosis. Fifteen people contributed to the gathering of historical incidents; the text is the joint product of five different writers. So the Pageant is a fresh instance of co-operative authorship in the making of genuinely communal drama.

Such collaboration is significant. It should have a widespread effect in enlarging the horizons of dramatic literature by stimulating the people *en masse*—not simply as participating actors in the pageant, but also as joint authors. So a socialized literary as well as histrionic art may be cultivated, and the folk-consciousness awakened to fresh forms of expression. And it is well for us to remember in this connection that the collective intelligence of the community is determined largely, not simply by the extent to which society is able to understand itself, but also (and perhaps more powerfully) by the extent to which society is able to *express* itself.

It will be readily admitted, I think, that communal expression in drama will most completely approximate a representation of the life of the community when the authorship is collective rather than individual. Then the composition is enriched by as many view points as there are writers, as cannot be the case when there is but a single author—often a professional, not a resident of the community, engaged to write the pageant for the city or the town.

A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear will be staged in a natural amphitheatre on the banks of the Cape Fear River. This is altogether fitting since the historic River really forms the life-current of the play. By the River came the first explorers and the settlers; over its waters moved the human tides through all the changing years. Some of the Pageant scenes actually take place on the River. The pirate sloop of Blackbeard, moored just off shore, will form an important part of the stage-picture in the Money Island incident. In the exciting action of the daring little blockade runner, *Lilian*, a replica of the original will be used. This will add much to the reality of the scene, as will the appearance of a group of Cherokees in the episode of the Cape Fear Indians. These, coming from their reservation in the western part of the State, will have an active part in the play, speaking their own language.

Five hundred citizen players will take part in the performance. All the costumes will be home-made, except certain historic costumes to be worn by actual descendants of the characters represented in the Pageant. Hundreds of others will have a part in preparing for the production; so the Pageant will represent the entire community.

But the most significant feature of *A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear*, it seems to me, is its literary form. It is not merely a spectacle, but a worthy pioneer in communal authorship in our State. It carries on the ideal cherished by the author in *Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean*, of the pageant-form as not merely dramatic, but as dramatic literature.

In this Raleigh Tercentenary Pageant-Drama, produced at Raleigh, North Carolina, last October, was

demonstrated beyond question that the mass of the people today really crave the spoken word. Each night the vast audiences that filled the amphitheatre to overflowing, listened to every word with the utmost quiet. The spell of the poetry of Sir Walter Raleigh, written on the night before his execution, brought a hush like that of a waiting congregation in a great cathedral.

Pageantry should be more than spectacle. It should cherish the spoken word. It should arouse the people to an active participation in literature by giving them a living voice. For the sound is the soul of the word. By giving to the people such opportunity of communal expression as pageantry affords may we contribute somewhat toward the making of a new literature in America, which will be genuinely national.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA,
MARCH 18, 1921.

Foreword

The first recorded mention of the Cape Fear is in the narrative of Sir Richard Grenville's expedition in June 1585. Our later introduction to the noble stream which takes its name from the Cape of Fear, involves a tragedy clouded by a mystery which 350 years has not revealed. The scene is laid in "The Kingdom of Silence and Awe disturbed by no sound save the sea gull's shriek and the breaker's roar."

In Robert Sanford's account of conditions on the Charles River (subsequently called Cape Fear) we read a pathetic story in the quaint vernacular of the 17th century, of the expedition from Barbadoes under command of Sir John Yeamans in October 1665, in a "Fly boate" of about 150 tons called "Sir John", accompanied by a small "Friggatt" belonging to Sir John Yeamans and a "Sloop" purchased by a "common purse", for Colonial service. After the three vessels had been separated at sea by a great storm in which the "Friggatt" lost all her masts and was very near foundering, the three vessels were providentially brought together again in the beginning of November 1665, and came to an anchor at the mouth of Charles (Cape Fear) River, from which they were shortly afterwards driven to sea by a hurricane. Again were they guided by Divine Providence into the haven where they would be; and for a third time they encountered heavy weather, and the "Fly boate" was driven ashore on the middle ground (off the present Fort Caswell) and, sharing the fate of hundreds of others on this treacherous shoal for 256 years, was "beate" to pieces. The crew reached the shore, but their victuals and clothing, arms, powder, and military

supplies furnished by the Lords Proprietors were lost; "but when," as the narrative proceeds, "the great and growing necessitys of the English Colony in Charles River heightened by these disasters began 'clamorously' to crave the use of the sloop in a voyage to Virginia for their speedy relief, Sir John acquiesced, and he himself returned in the 'Friggatt' to Barbadoes. The sloop returning from Virginia loaded with victuals, being ready by reason of her extreme rottenness to sink, was driven ashore by a storm in the night on Cape Lookout. With two exceptions the crew escaped drowning and the survivors proceeded to join the colony of English at Roanoke."

Meantime Captain Edward Stanion having been dispatched with his small vessel from Virginia was returning from Barbadoes with supplies for the Cape Fear people. It appears from the depressing narrative that he left Barbadoes under-manned. He was without a "pilote" or a mate to share the responsibilities of the voyage, and his ship having been "driven by the contrary winds and tossed for many weeks and he himself conquered with care, vexation and watching," brave heart and hero as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had kept watch day and night without intermission for many days, doubtless snatching an hour's sleep at intervals; torn with anxiety, exhausted with never ending work, his eyes blood-shot and weary, his beard tangled and neglected, now "lost his reason and after many wild extravagances leapt overboard in a frenzye leaving his small company and vessell to the much more quiet and constant though but little knowing and prudent conduct of *a child*, who yett assisted by a miraculous providence after many wanderings, brought her safe to Charles (Cape Fear) River

in Clarendon, her desired port and haven." And so the mysterious chronicle ends. Who the child was, his subsequent fate, will never be revealed. Years ago I searched with the late Professor Holmes among the ruins of the Charlestown settlement at Old Town Creek for some relics of this turbulent colony, for they were a "mutinous and undeserving rabble", but we found nothing but a small cannon which had been previously unearthed by a pony plough, a gift of the Lords Proprietors, and which was sold to junk dealers in Wilmington after it had lain for centuries almost unnoticed. How interesting it would be to find some later record of the little lad, the Cape Fear Pilot, who steered the relief ship through stormy seas into the quiet haven of Old Town Creek! Not far from this abandoned settlement may still be seen a moss covered grave-stone with its mysterious and only inscription, "Known in Heaven." So mote it be with the miraculous child navigator of our earliest history.

The Colony at Old Town Creek numbering about 600 souls was short-lived and Charlestown, as it was called, began to break up after its first year. The leading spirit, John Vassall, a worthy man, wrote to Sir John Colleton, of Essex, one of the Lords Proprietors, October 6, 1667, a wailing Jeremiad blaming "the rude rable of our Inhabitance for all the reverses and for their mutanous conduct which discourage those who would have otherwise remained." He says that the Indians were troublesome, running off the cattle, but this might have been overcome had even twenty men stood by him, there being less than six men who would remain, so that Samuel Maverick writes from Boston, October 16, 1667, "the plantations

at Cape Feare are deserted, the inhabitants have since come hither (to Boston), some to Virginia."

The solitude remained unbroken after this failure for fifty-two years, when Steed Bonnet, an infamous pirate, established himself within the harbor of Cape Fear—where Bonnett's Creek retains his name—and made such depredations on the commerce of Charleston that Colonel Rhett organized an expedition against him. A notable battle took place near where Southport now stands, ending in the destruction of Bonnet's vessel and the capture of many pirates. Two days later other pirate vessels were taken at sea, and more than a hundred pirates were hanged at one time on the wharves of Charleston, and many others on Cape Fear. It is supposed that some of Bonnet's men escaped and made their way up the river, eventually amalgamating with a small tribe of Indians on the Lumber River, where, soon after the permanent settlement of the Cape Fear in 1725, a considerable number of English speaking people were found.

Although it appears that there were occasional difficulties with the Indians during the early settlements, the first real trouble occurred during the general uprising of 1711, when the Tuscaroras fell upon the colonists in Albemarle with great slaughter and butchered one hundred and thirty persons in two hours. The white people of North Carolina would probably have been exterminated but for the timely assistance of South Carolina, from which it was separated a year later in 1712. Four thousand pounds sterling was voted to equip troops; Colonel James Moore, son of Governor James Moore of South Carolina, came at the head of a second force of troops; and a third army was sent under Major Maurice

Moore, who, after peace was restored, remained in Albemarle. The next year Maurice Moore had occasion to cross Cape Fear near Sugar Loaf on his way to his native province to assist in overcoming the danger that threatened of an Indian rebellion, and he was so pleased with the river lands, that he came subsequently with kindred and friends from South Carolina and from Albemarle, and made his home in the Cape Fear country. His brother, Roger Moore, came with his hundreds of slaves, and built Orton, while Maurice Moore selected a most admirable site on a bluff near Orton, fifteen miles below the present city of Wilmington, and laid out a town which he called Brunswick, in honor of the reigning family. It became the capital of the Province of North Carolina; but this roadstead proved to be unsafe in stormy weather, and because of this fact and of the growth of a village fifteen miles farther up the river called New Liverpool, afterwards Newton and subsequently Wilmington, which absorbed the trade of the two branches of the river near that point and prospered, a gradual exodus from Brunswick began and continued; so that while Wilmington flourished and became the capital of the Province, Brunswick dwindled and during the Revolutionary War was wholly abandoned.

And so the River moulded the fortunes of the people who came to live upon its banks; for situation and current, and cove and tide decided the location of the settlements, and it was, after all, as the River willed. Strange sights it saw as the years passed. The famous Scottish heroine and beauty, Flora Macdonald, passed by on her way to her future home at Cross Creek; royal salutes from the British sloops-of-war thundered

across it in honor of the coronation of King George; excited men who had once sworn allegiance to the crown, marched up its banks when the days of their independence were at hand, and denounced the Parliament and all its works. It saw the shadows of an approaching revolution, and the changes and chances of a war of independence which followed. More than three quarters of a century later it witnessed a mightier conflict and a bloodier war; and it might tell of the consecrated ground near by, over which hung the cloud and along which raged the iron storm of battle,—of the fair white banner and its starry cross which waved for a time so gloriously, then drooped and died with a nation's hopes. It might tell of the fiercest bombardment in the history of gunpowder, when Fort Fisher fell, after a strange traffic in which more than a hundred swift steamers were engaged through a beleagured port and city—the era of the blockade running. But the saddest episode in its ageless life was when it recently bore away on its bosom in silent ships to the unknown sea, thousands of its own lads grown to manhood in intimate contact with its waters, that they might be swept across the broad ocean to the continent from which their forefathers came, to bleed and die, to make men free, and to establish a peace upon the earth, which, after more than two years cessation of strife, seems now still far away.

In *A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear*, we seem to have reached at last a community consciousness. We have a composite picture arranged for dramatic presentation, of facts that are proved on high authority, and which have been compiled and woven into a harmonious whole by many minds, each contributing something of its own interpretation of the things which

were enacted on this New Hemisphere. It is no small achievement to have brought out in orderly procession that series of events which is the biography of Wilmington from the Colonial Period to the present Era of Progress; it is no small achievement to have inspired so many citizens of our town with the desire to look into the old landmarks; and it should be a matter of real pride that those who have undertaken it have persevered through a long period of patient seeking for accuracy of detail, discarding non-essentials to get at the really significant crises of the life of Wilmington. We cannot fail to admire the high standards which they set up and consistently maintained to collect the facts for this Pageant, in no wise content with anything less than the very truth. Like all perfectly honest endeavor, it will have a lasting place in the history of the section, and the painstaking effort to set a true course for the goal, will not be without its influence on those of the younger generation, who will find that *A Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear* can be depended upon for real historic data.

JAMES SPRUNT.



THE LIVE OAKS OF THE CAPE FEAR

THE PROLOGUE

The Prologue

[*The Pageant is announced by three heralds with a salvo of trumpets.*]

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON enters. She is a stately woman, in white flowing garments, bearing on her shield the seal of Wilmington. With her enters a CHORUS OF ATTENDANT SPIRITS.*]

THE SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON

Time turn back your written pages
That the product of the ages,
These, who dwell upon the shore,
Those may see, who went before.
Here may see their joys and trials,
Happinesses, self-denials.
Spirits, go, bring Venture here,
Patron of the Pioneer.

[*The SPIRITS dance off, returning with VENTURE, dressed in flowing green, bearing a sword.*]

VENTURE

Here where Past and Present meet,
Wilmington, I bid you greet
Red men fierce—though some were true,
When a friendly heart they knew.
See the settlers who were daring,
Sturdy folk, all hardships sharing.

Down the ages here resounding
Echoes from the distant founding
Of our city. Hear rejoicing
O'er success, and proud men voicing
Gladness, that through toil and strife
They have brought a town to life!

See the pirates, famed in story,
Heroes of a doubtful glory,
Executing darkest plot,
Making hard the settlers' lot.

Not by facts or records stable,
But through legendary fable
And by supposition old,
Know you of the storied gold
On Money Island, where they say
Blackbeard hid his chests away.

These I led at my own beckoning
Forth to face a future reckoning;
Some to triumph, some to die,
Good and evil passed they by.

Living shadows in Time's glass,
Venture calls them, lo, they pass!

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON retires to a dais at the right where she can observe the pageant of events. VENTURE stands by her side. The SPIRITS dance off. During the Prologue and the Interludes, the SPIRITS dance an harmonious accompaniment.*]

The First Part

THE NATIVES, THE PIONEERS AND THE PIRATES

THE FIRST EPISODE

THE SPRINGTIME GATHERING OF THE INDIANS, 1663

We made a purchase of the river and land of Cape Fear, of Watcoosa, and such other Indians as appeared to us to be the chief of those parts. They brought us store of fresh fish aboard, as mullets, shads, and other sorts, very good.

ANTHONY LONG,
WILLIAM HILTON,
PETER FABIAN.

[Lawson: History of North Carolina, quoted in Sprunt's
Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, p. 29.]

EPISODE I.

The Springtime Gathering of the Indians, 1663

THE CHARACTERS:

WATCOOSA, Chief of the Cape Fear Indians¹

MAHAIWEE², Watcoosa's daughter

LEELINAW², another daughter

WAHGEGWANEE², a scout and interpreter

Other Indians of various tribes, having come from
the back country for their Springtime Feast³

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HILTON, an Englishman sent
from the Barbadoes to explore the Cape Fear
River

ANTHONY LONG, in Hilton's party

PETER FABIAN, another member of the party

Other Englishmen of the Expedition

THE TIME: The spring of 1663⁴

THE PLACE: Crane Island, in the Cape Fear River

*[The Indians are gathering for their great Spring
Festival. The squaws are making yopon tea, and
cooking fish and game which the men bring in.]*

[A brave comes in crying, "Watcoosa, Chief Watcoosa."]

*[WATCOOSA and his two daughters enter. The CHIEF
sits in the place of honor, with a daughter on either
side.]*

¹Little is known of the Indians who lived on the Cape Fear. S. A. Ashe says they "are said to have been Congarees, a branch of the old Cheraws," James Mooney and Fred. A. Olds say they are possibly Siouan.

²Fictitious names.

³Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 14.

⁴December 1, 1663 is the correct date for the land purchase from Watcoosa, but the action here is put in the spring so as to include the picturesque Springtime Feasts of the Indians.

WATCOOSA

Di gwege. Gawl oo loss ah. Gaw geh oo lootch ha.
 Gah law ned i gi stell lah. A tsi yu wi yah. Aw si
 aw gi yel lah ye tsaw lah. Le ye tsal skiis si. E
 tsal ski.

My children, the long winter is over, and the Spring Festival is at hand. Manitou has blessed us. The Cape Fear Indians, the mighty tribe of the Saponas¹, give welcome to you all, and ask that you will help them celebrate with dance and feasting the coming in of Spring. Let the dance begin².

[*The dance begins.*]

[*Cries of "Daw gwa'," an Indian cry of lamentation, are heard. The dancers stop, listening intently.*]

[*WAHGEGWANEE runs in, excited and out of breath.*]

WAHGEGWANEE

Ni he. Ha tu gah gah!

Woe is me! Watcoosa hear!

¹Sapona is an Indian name for the Cape Fear River.

²Although it is thought that the Cape Fear Indians were perhaps Congarees, or possibly Siouan, the liberty has been taken of putting their conversations in the Cherokee dialect, and also using Cherokee customs. If the Congarees were a branch of the old Cheraws, and if the Indian tradition is true "that before the coming of the Englishmen the principal body of that tribe, called Cheraw- (or Chero-) kees, after a long fight with the Catawbias, removed to the mountains" (Ashe in Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 25), we are not far wrong in choosing this dialect. Another determining factor in our choice is that we have a Cherokee Indian Reservation in our State, and the Cherokees are the only large tribe now remaining in the State.

George Allen Owl of Ravensford, Swain County, North Carolina, has made the translations into the Cherokee. He is one of a few of the Reservation Indians who can speak and write Cherokee. The Cherokee language has its own alphabet, but is put into the English letters here, to give an idea of its pronunciation.

WATCOOSA

Daw tah dun ni?

What news have you?

WAHGEGWANEE

[Pointing to the river.]

A ni you neg gah!

The pale faces are coming!

[The other Indians take up the cry of lamentation.]

WATCOOSA

[Rising with dignity.]

Ches di Wahgegwane. Watcoosa guest ya dah sky e hah. Oo nul stite dah di nel li. E gah lee ge sest di.

Peace, Wahgegwane, peace, my children, Watcoosa does not fear the pale faces. We will give them fish and furs and they will be our friends.

WAHGEGWANEE

[Pointing to the river where a boat is seen nearing the shore.]

Ni!

They are here!

[Several Indians cry, "Ah ni look ki!", "They are here!", and start toward the river.]

WATCOOSA

E jen nah. Di g ne hest sti. E jalk kest sti. E g yu wi yah hi.

Go, each in order with his gifts, remember you are Cape Fear Indians.

[The Indians go quietly in single file and wait for the boat to land.]

[CAPTAIN HILTON, ANTHONY LONG, PETER FABIAN and others from the boat come forward. The Indians offer their gifts. WATCOOSA, with his daughters, comes slowly down to meet them.]

WATCOOSA AND THE INTERPRETER¹

[Addressing CAPTAIN HILTON.]

E g you neg. Eh gawn di g sauch jah aw si ah gi yel lah.

Mighty pale face, you come from the big sea-water. You are welcome.

[CAPTAIN HILTON is taken aback. Not knowing what else to do, he bows.]

WATCOOSA AND THE INTERPRETER

Watcoosa jal stite cha neh huh. Gaw law gwe ski del li. Le whisk ski.

Watcoosa friend to pale face. He give game and furs. Pale face give fire-stick and fire-water.

¹All the speeches of Watcoosa and the Interpreter are spoken first in Cherokee by Watcoosa, and then in English by the Interpreter.

PETER FABIAN

[*Aside to HILTON.*]

Zounds, the patriarch hath an eye for the main chance; but tell him we must have more than fish, we must have land. Have at him, Captain.

CAPTAIN HILTON

[*Aside to FABIAN.*]

Peace, Peter, peace. Try to look solemn. This is no Vauxhall comedy.

PETER FABIAN

[*Pulling a long face.*]

Ahem!

WATCOOSA

[*Aside to his daughters.*]

Mahaiwee oo gu we yah hi ah. Squeest oo do li. Ji gah yu li you. Awg soo le gawge de gul li hu i. E gah lee geh sest di. Daw tah dun ni Mahaiwee?

Mahaiwee, this is a mighty pale face chief, he will ask much from the Cape Fears. I grow old and cannot lead my warriors into battle. I must make peace. You are fair to look at. I will give you to him for a wife, and he will be friend to Watcoosa. What you say, Mahaiwee, will you go?

MAHAIWEE

Cha yu ga ghen nah. Oo yaw e di cunt di yu.

O father! No! I could not leave you and my sister, Leelinaw. I do not like his great white face.

WATCOOSA

Ah seh jan nu sti.

Child, you must help me.

LEELINAW

A gih dawd da. I ghen nah. Ah gwa do li ah gwen nu sti. Daw tah du ni Mahaiwee?

Father, I have a plan; though I am the younger, I have the bolder spirit. I will go too and be his wife, then we shall be together; so big and rich a chief as he would want two wives. Besides I should so love to travel. What do you say, Mahaiwee?

MAHAIWEE

E youst ti gwa geh su. E yah gwa dun ti. Guest aw si yeek di cu ti you.

Whatever you wish I will do. I could not bear to leave you and I do not like his great white face.

WATCOOSA

Leelinaw he skii yah yah.

Leelinaw, you are a bright child. It is the greater honor that I give two daughters¹.

[By this time the Englishmen are surrounded by the curious Indians. WATCOOSA comes toward the group, having procured the peace pipe from one of his braves; he motions the men to be seated, and passes around the pipe. The daughters of WATCOOSA remain in the background.]

WATCOOSA AND THE INTERPRETER

Watcoosa oo nah lee you neg ga. Tal de gu yah
kass da jah dah lee.

Watcoosa friend to pale face. Watcoosa give two
daughters to pale face chief to wife¹.

*[There is a great sensation among the Indians and they
talk excitedly among themselves. The daughters come
forward and bow before CAPTAIN HILTON. HILTON
and LONG are thunderstruck; PETER FABIAN is
irrepressibly amused.]*

PETER FABIAN

[To HILTON.]

Captain, you have all the luck. I wonder if he has
any more daughters. I wouldn't mind a few myself.

CAPTAIN HILTON

'Sblood! This is no jest. You know I have a wife
already.

[He consults with LONG.]

PETER FABIAN

This is not England, Captain; if the girls are willing—

ANTHONY LONG

[Interrupting him.]

Cease your ribald jesting, Peter, this is life or death.
The Chief grows impatient. Tell him, Captain, that
for fire-sticks and fire-water we must have more than

¹Sprunt records in *Tales and Traditions of the Lower Cape Fear* (1896),
the tradition of Watcoosa's offering his two daughters to Hilton.

wives; we must have land. Tell the old Turk that you will accept his offer, plus the land; but are not prepared to receive your wives as is befitting to the daughters of a chief. Tell him you will go on to prepare a suitable home, and will come back in state to take them thither. Give him fair words, Captain; we are but few, and they a mighty tribe.

PETER FABIAN

[*To HILTON.*]

Take them by proxy, Captain. I was ever willing to do a favor for a friend.

[*LONG suppresses him.*]

CAPTAIN HILTON

I am slow of speech and these girls abash me strangely, but I'll do my best. [*To WATCOOSA.*] Watcoosa, Chief of the Cape Fears, hail!

[*The INTERPRETER explains HILTON'S proposals to WATCOOSA as they are made.*]

PETER FABIAN

Hear! Hear!

CAPTAIN HILTON

You do me honor. The pale face chief will ever be your friend. Your daughters will be treated as befits a chief's wife.

PETER FABIAN

Wives, man, wives!

CAPTAIN HILTON

But each wife must bring a goodly share of land as dowry. For this you shall have fire-sticks and fire-water. I am not yet prepared to receive your daughters. I go now and make ready their home. In four days I will come again with many gifts. [*He seems exhausted by his effort.*] Wh-ew!

PETER FABIAN

[*To HILTON.*]

Fine, Captain, fine! You will soon be used to three wives, you old Solomon.

WATCOOSA AND THE INTERPRETER

[*With dignity.*]

Aw si ni hi tsa jel li tsic god dah. Chas yel liwg gaw yeek chuck t yes di. A gwege tsi.

It is well. The land is yours. Is not the Cape Fear big enough for the pale face and the red? My daughters will wait for you here.

[*The white men go down to the boat, say good-bye to the Indians, and row off. The Indians follow in the direction of the departing boat, the two girls standing apart.*]

MAHAIWEE

Leelinaw, yu gah gah look gi g gaw watt tah.

Leelinaw, he will not come. I know, I saw it in his eye.

LEELINAW

Squaw. Chest hi naw sell lah ah gi daw du. You nah gu lunk gah.

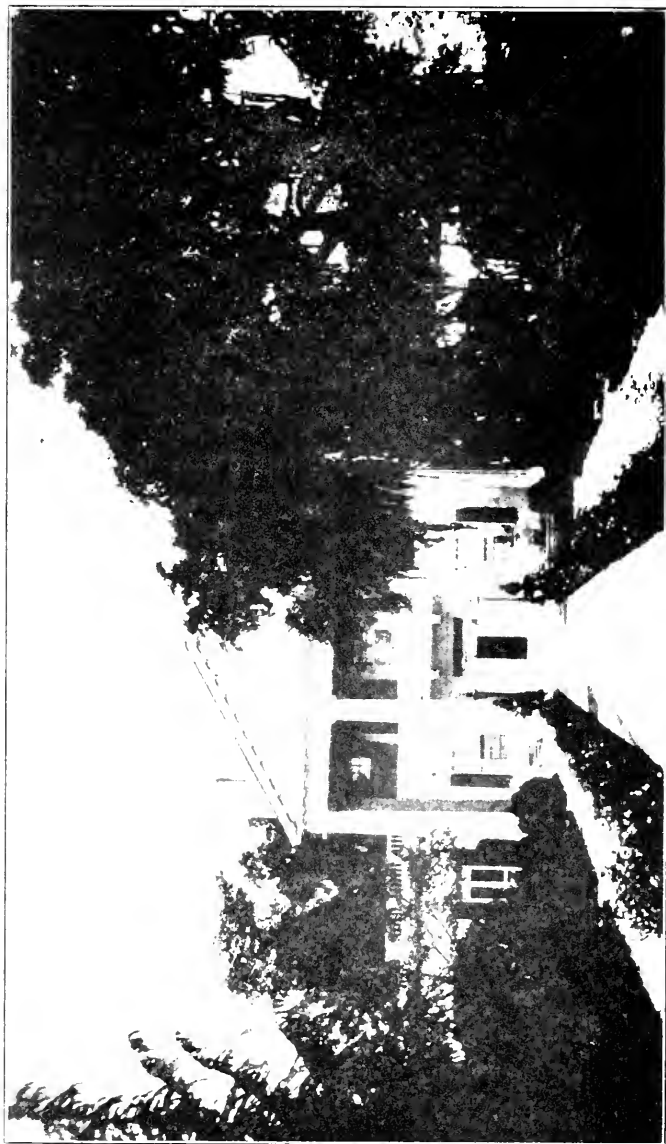
I saw it too, but do not tell our father. He would be angry and go on the war path. The young one that laughed, *he* would have taken us.

MAHAIWEE

Gaw si. Ah gi yel lu. Ah ni yu wi yah hi.

I am glad. I do not care for any man. But I like them best with nice red faces.

[WATCOOSA *signs to his daughters, and they follow him.*]



ORTON PLANTATION

*One of the finest examples of Colonial Plantation Residences in America. Established in 1725 by Roger Moore.
Dr. James Sprunt is its present owner.*

THE SECOND EPISODE

THE FOUNDING OF WILMINGTON, 1735

This roadstead proved to be unsafe in stormy weather and because of that fact and of the growth of a village 15 miles farther up the river called New Liverpool, afterwards Newton, and lastly Wilmington, which absorbed the trade of the two branches of the river near that point, and prospered, a gradual exodus from Brunswick began and continued. So that while Wilmington flourished and became the capital of the Province, Brunswick dwindled and during the Revolutionary War was wholly abandoned.

[Sprunt: Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, p. 45.]

EPISODE II.

The Founding of Wilmington, 1735

THE CHARACTERS:

JOHN MAULTSBY, an early settler in Newton

JOHN WATSON, an early settler and surveyor

JEHU DAVIS, an early settler

ROGER MOORE, owner of a large plantation at Orton

MAURICE MOORE, his brother

GABRIEL JOHNSTON, Governor of the Province of
North Carolina

MICHAEL HIGGINS, surveyor

JOSHUA GRANGER, surveyor

JAMES WIMBLE, surveyor

Citizens, laborers, and men in the stockade

THE TIME: May 13, 1735

THE PLACE: The water front in the village of
Newton (an early name for Wilmington)

[The street has a busy appearance. Market wagons are being loaded and unloaded by the river. Men are carrying produce of all kinds to the boats. Everything indicates a thriving town. JOHN MAULTSBY, JOHN WATSON and JEHU DAVIS come in from the right; ROGER MOORE and MAURICE MOORE from the left. They meet at the stockade.]

JEHU DAVIS

Good sirs, now you know my mind. There is no other site that can compare with this. Just think you of the convenience of the situation. It is the meeting of the two great branches of the Cape Fear

River. The depth of the water is sufficient to receive vessels of considerable burden; it is here most proper that the town be erected. Good friends, do I speak sooth?

ROGER MOORE

Master Davis, you speak sooth in all but one thing. All you say is true of Brunswick, but not of Newton.

MAURICE MOORE

[Pointing to the scene at the river front.]

At Brunswick, we can double that.

JEHU DAVIS

Aye! Brunswick is a goodly place, but I have it on authority that the Governor hath decided that this shall be the town.

ROGER MOORE

An His Excellency hath already decided, I stand by his decision.

MAURICE MOORE

Spoken like a true man, brother.

A MAN IN THE STOCKADE

[He is drunk.]

Faith, sirs, the sooth falls from you like honey from the heavy laden bee. An I were free from this stockade, my voice should go with yours—my voice and that of all my companions in misfortune. *[To the other men in the stockade.]* How say you, friends, are we not one in mind and voice with these fair gentlemen?

THE MEN IN THE STOCKADE

[Laughing.]

Yes, yes, Newton, Newton forever!

JOHN MAULTSBY

Peace, peace, you noisy clowns. These are weighty matters to be decided by those constant in spirit and full in judgment. Wag not thy tongue so freely at thy betters!

JEHU DAVIS

Good Master Maultsby, be not wroth with the poor fellows. Belike their fault was but a trifle. Tell us, fellow, how came you to be housed like this?

A MAN IN THE STOCKADE

A trifle as you say, fair sir . . . but a trifle too much . . . I came too often by the Dram Tree¹. Had it not been for that, I had been as constant . . . modest . . . and sober . . . as Master Maultsby himself. And so it was with all of these. [*To the other men in the stockade.*] How say you, lads! Are we not dutiful . . . grave . . . and . . . purged in judgment?

THE MEN IN THE STOCKADE

Yes . . . yes! . . . We are . . . we are.

¹ An old cypress tree "the passing of which was signalized in 'ye olden time' by the popping of corks.... Like a grim sentinel, it stands to warn the out-going mariner that his voyage has begun, and to welcome the incoming storm-tossed sailor to the quiet harbor beyond." Sprunt's *Tales and Traditions of the Lower Cape Fear*, 1896, p. 35.

JEHU DAVIS

Enough for now, good friends. Governor Johnston will this day be here, and I will speak to him concerning you.

JOHN WATSON

Look where the Governor comes with Masters James Wimble, Michael Higgins and Joshua Granger,—a goodly set of surveyors.

JOHN MAULTSBY

Let us go meet his Excellency.

[All the men remove their hats, and go forward to meet GOVERNOR JOHNSTON and the surveyors. The men at the river stop work and come forward to see the GOVERNOR.]

JEHU DAVIS

Your Excellency is most welcome. An it please you, I and my friends will recount for your understanding why we deem this the goodliest site for our town and township as against Brunswick.

GOVERNOR JOHNSTON

Good Master Davis, we have gone into all that—I and my surveyors—and we are full decided that this shall be our town.

THE MEN IN THE STOCKADE

Bravo! Bravo! Newton and Johnston forever!

GOVERNOR JOHNSTON

My men, what do you here so poorly housed? You shall have something more befitting than a mere stockade. A goodly jail I shall have built for you. [*Laughter in the crowd.*] But not at Newton.

Hear all of you, both you within the stockade and you without. This day, I, Gabriel Johnston, by God's grace Governor of this Province, do proclaim this spot the site and situation of the town and township of Wilmington, named in honor of my friend and benefactor Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington and Viscount Pevensey. [*The crowd cheers.*]

And furthermore, this day the land office shall be opened here, the Court of Exchequer shall meet here, likewise the New Hanover Court and Council. All this I decree by the advice and consent of his Majesty's Council and the General Assembly of this Province¹. [*More cheers from the crowd.*]

Hear me, good friends and gentlemen, this day shall be a gala day in Wilmington; all shall spend the hours for their pleasure, and you, my friends in the stockade, the day is yours as well. The freedom of the town is yours. Look to it though, that when next we meet, it be not in the same fine jail I told you of! [*Much laughter.*]

[*To the surveyors, DAVIS, MAULTSBY and WATSON.*] What say you friends, shall we go? There is much business to be done and already the sun is high. [*They go out.*]

[*The men from the stockade go out in the opposite direction, cheering and calling, "Johnston and Wilmington forever!"*]

¹The historical material in Governor Johnston's speech is adapted from Swann's *Collection of Public Acts; North Carolina*, Chapter LV, p. 99.

THE THIRD EPISODE

THE TREASURE OF MONEY ISLAND, 1719

*If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried Gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day:
— So be it, and fall on!*

[Stevenson: *Treasure Island*.]

EPISODE III.

The Treasure of Money Island, 1719¹

THE CHARACTERS:

EDWARD TEACH, better known as Blackbeard,
famous pirate

CAPTAIN REDFIELD, Blackbeard's right-hand man

FRANCESCO

PIERRE

PEDRO

ROGER

} members of Blackbeard's crew

Other members of his crew

THE TIME: 1719

THE PLACE: An island off the mainland, now known
as Wrightsville Beach

[*A schooner is lying off shore. The pirate crew in gay turbans and sashes may be seen on deck. They are laughing and drinking. Some of the men are singing.*]

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!²

[BLACKBEARD and CAPTAIN REDFIELD come up from the hold. With a gesture BLACKBEARD silences the crew.]

BLACKBEARD

Ho, lads! An there be four sober ones amongst you, let them step forward. [*Four pirates come forward.*]
Francesco, Roger, Pedro and Pierre! Into the hold

¹ This episode, though of an earlier date than the preceding one,, is placed here for dramatic emphasis.

² Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

with you, lads. Bring forth the chests and digging tools. Lower the boat, load the chests and pull for shore. [*The men follow the orders. BLACKBEARD and REDFIELD step into the boat, and the four seamen man the oars. BLACKBEARD calls to those left on the ship.*] I will be back anon. Look that there be one of you sober enough to receive me. [*He signals to the oarsmen who rapidly make for the shore, singing as they row.*]

[*On landing, BLACKBEARD and CAPTAIN REDFIELD come forward, leaving the men near the boat to amuse themselves shaking dice.*]

BLACKBEARD

Bob Redfield, I would entrust you with a most important service. There lives no man that I so pin my faith to as to thee. Wilt do this for me, Bob²?

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

Aye, sir, your wishes are my orders.

BLACKBEARD

Well then, 'tis this. I am something overstocked. Before I sail again I wish to deposit some of my treasure. Thou knowest, Bob, how the coast is larded with my gold. There is a lonely island hidden in these marshes that suits my fancy. There will I bury the greatest treasure of them all. It shall be our Money Island. Wilt thou stay and guard it? These same four trusty buccaneers shall stay to aid you. Give them a stoup of rum three times a day, and Old Nick himself hath not four braver followers. Does this suit thy will?

²The conversation between Blackbeard and Captain Redfield was in part taken from Andrew J. Howell's *Money Island*, whose story is the inspiration for this episode.

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

Your wishes are my orders, sir.

BLACKBEARD

Swear then, by the Holy Virgin, that thou wilt faithfully watch over this treasure; that thou wilt give no information, nor unfold to any man whomsoever, the reason for thy life in that particular spot. Swear!

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

[Taking off his hat and raising his right hand.]

Captain, I so swear.

BLACKBEARD

Thy hand with the oath, Bob. I thank thee. And if in any special need I send for some pieces of eight, trust no one who comes without an order stamped with my signet. Look, keep this. *[He takes a signet from his pocket and hands it to REDFIELD.]* Is all well, Bob?

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

All is well, Captain, I have given my oath, and naught but death shall break it!

BLACKBEARD

[Calling to one of the crew.]

Francesco!

FRANCESCO

Aye, aye, sir!

BLACKBEARD

Come hither, man.

FRANCESCO

[Leaving the game, he comes forward.]

Aye, aye, sir!

BLACKBEARD

Art thou sober, 'Cesco?

FRANCESCO

[Swaying slightly.]

Aye, aye, sir.

BLACKBEARD

[Mocking him.]

Aye, aye, sir! 'Tis all the English that he hath.
Art thou drunk, 'Cesco?

FRANCESCO

Aye, aye, sir!

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

[Laughing.]

Zounds, methinks he tells the truth; he is part sober
and part drunk.

BLACKBEARD

He is soberer than e'er I saw him these ten years.
But drunk or sober 'tis a good lad, tried and true.
'Cesco, call the other lads here.

FRANCESCO

[In a drunken voice.]

Pierre . . . Pedro . . . Roger . . .

[The men stop their game and come forward to join FRANCESCO.]

BLACKBEARD

My men, for ten years ye have sailed with me.

THE MEN

Aye, aye, sir!

BLACKBEARD

In all these years, in fair times and in foul, have I ever failed you?

FRANCESCO

Aye, aye, sir!

[The others suppress him and cry, "Nay, nay, sir!"]

BLACKBEARD

Then will ye do me one more service, faithfully and true?

THE MEN

Aye, aye, sir!

BLACKBEARD

All hands to the oars then. We have a long jaunce in the dark. Once under way, we will unfold our secret.

[The men return to the boat shouting, "Aye, aye, sir!"]

BLACKBEARD

[To REDFIELD.]

'Sblood, these "aye, aye, sirs!" will be the death of me. I tell thee what, Bob, thou hadst best get thee a good English wife that can say, "Nay, nay, sir!"

CAPTAIN REDFIELD

[*Laughing.*]

With all my heart, sir!

[*They all get into the boat and row out of sight, singing as they row.*]

Come all you men and maidens as wishes for to sail,
And I soon will let you quickly hear of where you
must aroam.

We'll embark into a ship, which her topsails is let fall,
And all unto an island, and never more go home.

Especially you ladies that's anxious to rove,
There's fishes in the sea, my love, likewise the buck
and doe,

We'll lie down on the banks of some pleasant shady
grove,

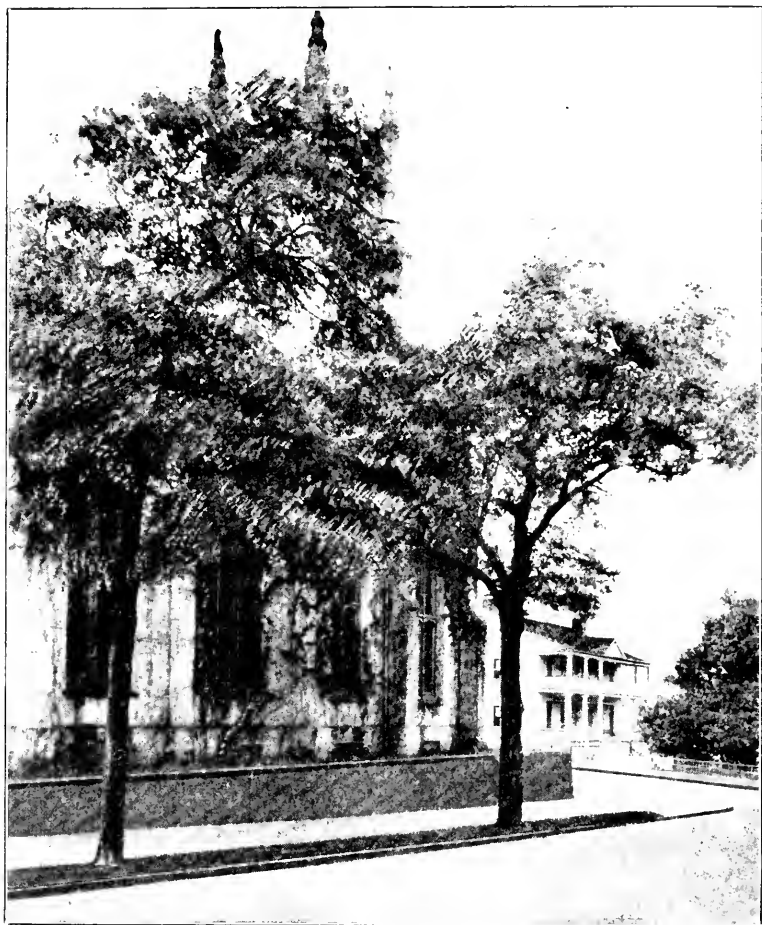
Thro' the wild woods we'll wander and we'll chase
the buffalo,

Thro' the wild woods we'll wander, and we'll chase
the buffalo.¹

BLACKBEARD

Ho! For Money Island! Ho!

¹*The Buffalo*, an old Buccaneer song from *Sea Songs and Shanties*, collected by W. B. Whall. James Brown & Sons, Publishers, Glasgow.



RESIDENCE OF LORD CHARLES CORNWALLIS IN APRIL 1781.
In the basement was a military prison. St. James Church is in the foreground.

The Interlude

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON and VENTURE advance to the center of the stage. The SPIRITS now appear dancing with scarlet scarfs.*]

THE SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON

Spirits, who my words attend,
Beg of Courage that she lend
Her presence in attendance here,
Sponsor in an age when fear
Had made of men the slaves of kings.
Courage, by the life she brings
To all men's hearts, inspired the folk,
So that, throwing off the yoke
Of bondage, stood they hand in hand—
Colonials in Freedom's land!

[*The SPIRITS depart and presently return with COURAGE dressed in flowing scarlet garments, holding a torch of liberty.*]

COURAGE

O Wilmington, to you I show
Powdered wig and furbelow;
Customs, manners of the land
And Welcome with an outstretched hand.
Versed in wit, in grace, in song—
Yet these men could right the wrong,
Drop the book and take the gun,
Fighters till the cause was won
For Freedom. Then the Stamp Act bold
And Moore's Creek Bridge were stories told.

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON retires to the dais. VENTURE and COURAGE remain with her, the SPIRITS dancing off.*]



The Second Part

COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY WILMINGTON



THE FIRST EPISODE

THE RECEPTION TO FLORA MACDONALD, 1774

Upon the arrival of the heroine (Flora Macdonald) in Wilmington there was a general turnout of people and she and her daughter were treated with great distinction. A great ball was given in her honor and tradition says that she was especially pleased by the attentions paid to her daughter by the gentlemen of the town.

—WADDELL.

EPISODE I.

The Reception to Flora Macdonald, 1774

THE CHARACTERS:

FLORA MACDONALD, Scotch loyalist, noted for her act of loyalty in saving the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

ANNIE MACDONALD, her daughter

GEORGE WASHINGTON, distinguished visitor¹

JOSIAH MARTIN, Royal Governor of North Carolina

HUGH WADDELL, Colonel, distinguished in military annals of the State

CORNELIUS HARNETT, Son of Liberty; representative in the Assembly for Wilmington; Pride of the Cape Fear. He gave his wealth and life for the cause of the freedom of America.

WILLIAM HOOPER, able jurist; prominent member of the Safety Committee; presided over the meeting of the inhabitants of the Wilmington District, which was the first movement to provide a Revolutionary Government; later, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

ROBERT HOWE, wit, scholar, famous soldier; later, on Washington's staff.

ALEXANDER LILLINGTON, prominent member of the Safety Committee; later, Colonel of the Minute Men of the Wilmington District, and hero of the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge.

JOHN ASHE, well known Colonel

SAMUEL ASHE, distinguished General

¹In reality, George Washington visited Wilmington at a later time, April 20, 1791, occupying the house on the corner of the present Dock and Front Streets.

JAMES MOORE, Colonel of two regiments to serve in the Continental Army; in command at Moore's Creek.

MAURICE MOORE, learned jurist and judge; author of the celebrated letter to Governor Tryon, signed "Atticus."

FREDERICK GREGG	}	Sons of Liberty, organized in 1765.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL		
WILLIAM WILKINSON		
GEORGE MOORE		
FREDERICK JONES		

JOHN QUINCE	}	members of the Committee of Safety, elected November 23, 1774. This committee continued to use its influence during 1779-81 when it exercised constant vigilance over the Tories, who were supported and strengthened by the British.
FRANCIS CLAYTON		
ROBERT HOGG		
JOHN ANCRUM		
ARCHIBALD MACLAINE		
JOHN ROBINSON		
JAMES WALKER		

WILLIAM HILL	}	prominent Revolutionary figures.
SAMUEL SMALL		
SAMUEL SWANN		
ABNER NASH		
SAMPSON MOSELY		
GEORGE MERRICK		

MISTRESS TOM HOOPER
 MISTRESS JACK WALKER
 MISTRESS ROBERT HOWE
 MISTRESS ELEAZAR ALLEN

MISTRESS DEROSSET

MISTRESS SCHAW

MISTRESS RUTHERFURD

Other Guests

ZIP COON }
OLD DAN TUCKER } fiddlers

Other musicians

Negro servants

THE TIME: 1774

THE PLACE: An Assembly Hall in Wilmington,
North Carolina

[*In the receiving line are GOVERNOR MARTIN, MISTRESS FLORA MACDONALD, her daughter ANNIE MACDONALD, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. An old negro servant announces each guest. The fiddlers play while the guests are arriving. When the company has assembled, the music for the minuet is played, and the dancers take their positions for the dance¹. After the minuet the company adjourns to the refreshment room with much hilarity.*]

¹In point of time the reception to Flora Macdonald was given at a later date than the events that follow in the next scene. However, the event serves here to portray a typical Colonial gathering.

THE SECOND EPISODE

RESISTANCE TO THE STAMP ACT, 1766

Although the people of the other colonies were as resolute in their determination to resist the act, . . . yet in ONE COLONY ONLY did they, openly, in large numbers and with arms in their hands, resist an armed force . . . a twenty gun sloop of war. . . in an attempt to land the stamps, and this two weeks after they had compelled a stamp-master to resign his office. This was at Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, sixteen miles below Wilmington.

—WADDELL.

EPISODE II.

Resistance to the Stamp Act, 1766

THE CHARACTERS:

WILLIAM TRYON, Royal Governor of the Province
and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Queen's Guard

WILLIAM PENNINGTON, His Majesty's Comptroller

COLONEL JOHN ASHE, leader of the militia that
kept stamped paper from being landed; Speaker
of the Assembly who replied when Tryon asked
what they would do about the Stamp Act: "It
will be resisted to blood and death."

COLONEL HUGH WADDELL, leader with Ashe in
keeping the *Diligence* from landing the stamped
paper

CORNELIUS HARNETT, head of the detachment de-
manding Comptroller Pennington

COLONEL JAMES MOORE, also with the detach-
ment

The militia from Brunswick and New Hanover
Counties

Negro slaves of Governor Tryon

THE TIME: February 21, 1766

THE PLACE: Russellborough, about half a mile to
the south of Orton. Before Governor Tryon's palace.

[*The members of the militia enter—some on horseback,
some afoot, having left their horses farther away
from the house. The company has just come from
Brunswick where they let CAPTAIN PHIPPS of the
Diligence know that stamps should not be landed.*]

COLONEL ASHE

At least we've kept the stamps from being landed¹. Our guards will see that the *Diligence* and the *Viper* do no harm. Phipps, of the *Diligence*, seemed very calm—quite a philosopher.

COLONEL WADDELL

Which is more than Tryon will be when he's aware we're here. Moore, please fetch Comptroller Pennington. [*Moore goes.*] Tryon will try all blandishments to move us from our purpose, but we'll get Pennington.

COLONEL ASHE

Why did you let our guard separate and part go on the river?

COLONEL WADDELL

A rather prankish thing, dear Ashe. The men did swear they'd have a souvenir of this same ship that brought the damned stamped papers.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

And here they come, the boys.

COLONEL WADDELL

[*Laughing.*]

They'd have a souvenir!

[*The militiamen break into hearty laughter and good-naturedly slap each other on the backs, as six men carry in on their shoulders one of the English ship's boats in great triumph.*]

¹November 28, 1765, at Brunswick.

THE MILITIA

[*Shouting wildly.*]

Bravo! Bravo! A bold feat, lads!

COLONEL ASHE

And how came you with this?

ONE OF THE MEN

The nearest thing to stamps that we could lay our hands on. We watched and waited near the *Diligence*; and when our Southern sun proved too good tonic for those English knaves, we borrowed this little chip from them. And now we'll carry it to Wilmington, and what a celebration we shall have—with flags and lights and crowds—such joyous crowds!²

[GOVERNOR TRYON *is announced, and attempts to conciliate ASHE, WADDELL and HARNETT in his welcome.*]

GOVERNOR TRYON

In right good time you've come, my friends. The 'cue is just done roasting.

COLONEL ASHE

We have not come to feast with you, your Honor. Our business we'll dispatch and then we'll leave you. Our men have pigs on the other side Cape Fear; they came not this long way to eat *your* pigs.

ONE OF THE MEN

You mean, sir, we came to get the English pig—Comptroller Pennington.

²February 19, 1766.

COLONEL WADDELL

Be quiet, sir.

[*Negro servants enter with platters of barbecue.*]

GOVERNOR TRYON

You must not, men, refuse our Carolina hospitality.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Your Carolina hospitality is stamped. We'll have the stamps; you keep the hospitality.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Such unbecoming words from men of Wilmington!

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Our courtesy, I fear, is lacking. We are brief and to the point; we want Comptroller Pennington. You know your house is sheltering him.

GOVERNOR TRYON

But—

COLONEL WADDELL

Do you remember November sixteenth last, when Stamp-Master William Houston resigned his office?¹ If you forget this, Tryon, our Mayor DeRosset² and several Aldermen will help you bring it back to mind.

GOVERNOR TRYON

[*Annoyed.*]

Ah, come, my friends, a little toothsome bit, and then to business. The barbecue grows cold.

¹Houston resigned at the Court House at the intersection of the present Front and Market Streets, November 16, 1765.

²"By a careful, discriminating reading of all the subject-matter at our command, it will be easily seen that the indignation of the people of 1765 was not directed against Houston, nor against any conduct of his, but against the principle of the British Stamp Tax." J. O. Carr, in Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 101.

²Moses John DeRosset.

COLONEL WADDELL

To hell, sir, with your barbecue. Men, throw it in the river.¹

[*The militiamen take the trays from the servants and throw them into the river. TRYON is too amazed to remonstrate with them.*]

CORNELIUS HARNETT

The banquet's over, sir; and now to business. Where's William Pennington?

[*The three leaders face TRYON menacingly.*]

GOVERNOR TRYON

Pennington came into my house for refuge, he is a Crown officer, and as such I will give him all the protection my roof and the dignity of character I hold in this province can afford him.²

CORNELIUS HARNETT

We would not insult you, but we must be detained no longer.

GOVERNOR TRYON

An insult that will not tend to any great consequence when you have already offered every insult you could offer, by investing my house and making me in effect a prisoner, before any grievance had been presented to me.

[TRYON goes off in a rage.]

¹This disposition of the banquet took place in 1766.

²These speeches are recorded by Tryon in a letter to the Right Honorable Henry Seymour Conway, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

COLONEL ASHE

Another William Houston resignation! I doubt it not. These English knaves must finally yield to our determination or they'll find out of what good stuff our Carolina men are made.

[TRYON *returns accompanied by* PENNINGTON.]

COMPTROLLER PENNINGTON

Yes, Tryon, I am resolved. Rather resign my office than do any act contrary to my duty.¹

CORNELIUS HARNETT

I hope you won't do that, sir.¹

GOVERNOR TRYON

Your resignation, Pennington. Ink and paper.

[*Servants bring ink and paper, and* PENNINGTON *writes out his resignation, and hands it to* TRYON.]

COMPTROLLER PENNINGTON

To be in force at once, sir.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Good, Pennington.

[TRYON *retires; PENNINGTON remains.*]

¹These speeches are recorded by Tryon in a letter to the Right Honorable Henry Seymour Conway, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

And now an oath, sir; for you shall never leave us free till you have sworn that you will never issue any stamped papers in this Province.

COMPTROLLER PENNINGTON

If I am compelled to, I will swear.

COLONEL WADDELL

Is that your oath?

COMPTROLLER PENNINGTON

So help me God!

[PENNINGTON *leaves.*]

COLONEL WADDELL

Now back to Wilmington. I've picked my men to go to Fort Johnston.¹

CORNELIUS HARNETT

A word before we go, you Sons of Liberty. There are more clouds ahead; I would we all were bound by common oath. What say you men?

THE MILITIA

An oath! An oath!

¹Colonel Waddell with an armed force marched to Fort Johnston (now Southport) to take possession of it, February 19, 1766.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

But be not moved by momentary whim. Give this your sane deliberation. We'll meet again and pledge ourselves. See how this fits our needs, my men, for the defense of our country: "We do unite ourselves under every tie of religion and honor, and associate as a band in her defense against every foe; hereby solemnly engaging that whenever our Continental or Provincial Councils shall decree it necessary we will go forth and be ready to sacrifice our lives and fortunes to secure her freedom and safety."¹

THE MILITIA

We will make this pledge at once.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

May God bless us in this our resolution.²

[WADDELL *and his men go on their way to Fort Johnston. HARNETT, ASHE, MOORE and their men go in the opposite direction to Wilmington—some taking up the boat, others mounting their horses and riding away.*]

¹This actually occurred later, on June 19, 1775, when the citizens of New Hanover met and made this pledge.

²The historical facts in the foregoing scene are taken from *The Stamp Act on the Cape Fear*, by Colonel A. M. Waddell, *North Carolina Booklet*, Vol. 1, No. 3.

THE THIRD EPISODE

THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK, 1776

Eighteen miles northwest of Wilmington, North Carolina, on a low sandy bluff overlooking a deep, wide creek whose sluggish waters flow into the Black River, a tributary of the Cape Fear, there stands to-day a simple brownstone monument with this inscription on its western face:

IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE BATTLE OF
MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE,
FOUGHT HERE
27TH FEBRUARY, 1776.
THE FIRST VICTORY GAINED
BY THE AMERICAN ARMS
IN THE WAR OF THE
REVOLUTION.

The right to this direct claim to precedence in Revolutionary success and material glory is one of North Carolina's greatest historic possessions.

[M. C. S. Noble: The Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge,
North Carolina Booklet, Volume III.]

EPISODE III.

The Battle of Moore's Creek, 1776

THE CHARACTERS:

CORNELIUS HARNETT
JOHN QUINCE
FRANCIS CLAYTON
WILLIAM HOOPER
ROBERT HOGG
ARCHIBALD MACLAINE
JOHN ANCRUM
JOHN ROBERTSON
JAMES WALKER
GEORGE MOORE
JOHN ASHE
SAM ASHE
JAMES MOORE
FREDERICK JONES
ALEXANDER LILLINGTON

members of the Committee of Safety, freeholders of New Hanover, newly elected committee members, and others, who, having met and appointed delegates to a Revolutionary Congress in New Bern, August 25, 1774, are now preparing to consider the threatening Tory forces assembling under General Macdonald, Colonel McLeod and others, assisted by Governor Martin.

Minute Men

Other citizens, among whom is PARKER QUINCE

THE TIME: February 9, 1776

THE PLACE: Wilmington, North Carolina. Before the Court House at the intersection of Front and Market Streets.

[The crowd of citizens assembled is greatly excited. From time to time men and women of the town stop for a few minutes to hear what is going on before resuming their errands.]

WILLIAM HOOPER

Sirs, it has been decreed by the Royal Governor that no legislative body must meet in our Province, but since we met to elect delegates to the Revolutionary Congress in New Bern it now becomes necessary to appoint suitable and efficient committees for the vigilant protection of our common and sacred rights. It is also here and now a suitable time to indorse the action of the Boston Tea Party and to assume that the "Cause of Boston is the cause of all".¹

A CITIZEN

[*Enthusiastically.*]

Aye, aye! The cause of Boston is the common cause of all America. Hurrah!

CORNELIUS HARNETT

We will sacrifice our lives and fortunes in order to secure the safety and freedom of our country. Let any and all who will, subscribe to the relief of our suffering countrymen in Boston.

PARKER QUINCE

I will equip a ship and take a load to their relief.

[*A COURIER enters.*]

A COURIER

Sirs, the enemy is assembling and is even now at our doors. The British fleet is momentarily expected with reinforcements.

[*Excited exclamations.*]

¹Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 110.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

They mean to crush our spirit, take away our rights, and reduce our Province to subjection.

COLONEL LILLINGTON

We will never submit to injustice and oppression. The idea of subjection is abhorrent to all freeborn Americans.

COLONEL MOORE

I will assemble the Continental troops at once.

[He goes out.]

COLONEL LILLINGTON

Our Minute Men may now be called to act their part. I'll summon them. *[To the BUGLER.]* Bugler, the call.

[The BUGLER sounds the call to arms.]

COLONEL ASHE

And I will hurry with the Independent troops to Campbellton. Colonel Purviance will remain here with the militia for the protection of Wilmington.

[The Minute Men having assembled, LILLINGTON calls them to attention and they march out amid cheers from the crowd. A COURIER runs in with a dispatch.]

THE COURIER

The Tory forces are rapidly gathering at Cross Creek and danger seems imminent. The Macdonalds, McLeod, and Campbell are in charge. Flora Mac-

donald is using her utmost influence to augment their force. Not only is she stirring up resistance to the Whigs, but she is accompanying the Tory forces to encourage the men with her own fine spirit.¹

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Against an army of eleven hundred determined men, Macdonald will find his march to the east halted, methinks.

[Cheers from the crowd.]

VOICES FROM THE CROWD

He will never reach Fort Johnston!

[Another COURIER runs in with a dispatch.]

CORNELIUS HARNETT

[Reads.]

Macdonald has changed his plans. With danger threatening on all sides he is pushing towards Wilmington. But our General has ordered Colonel Caswell to join him at Corbett's Ferry to cut off the Tory march. *[Cheers from the crowd.]* Lillington and Ashe are to join Caswell and make a forced march to Moore's Creek.

[Vociferous cheers from the crowd.]

[Another COURIER runs in.]

¹Caruthers: *Revolutionary Incidents of the Old North State*,

THE COURIER

Macdonald's army has crossed the river and is advancing toward the Creek. But Lillington and Caswell have reached the crossing, undermined the bridge, thrown up breastworks, and the battle is on. McLeod and Campbell have fallen pierced by a score of bullets. Dozens of men have fallen into the stream never to rise again, while all who have succeeded in getting across are either mortally wounded or taken prisoners.

[*Another* COURIER *arrives.*]

THE CROWD

Bravo! Bravo!

THE COURIER

The Tory army scattered panic-stricken, when "Old Mother Covington" was turned upon them. The stream is full of dead and dying. Only twenty men succeeded in getting over the bridge alive, and these are mortally wounded. But we have not lost a man! [*Great excitement in the crowd.*] The Whigs have captured 850 prisoners, 1500 rifles, 350 guns and shot bags, 250 swords and dirks, with much other valuable equipment, including wagons, horses, medicines and supplies, besides money discovered to the value of \$75,000.

CORNELIUS HARNETT

Friends and countrymen, God is with us! May our cause prosper as this our first victory happily portends. Let us go and assemble all loyal citizens for a service of thanksgiving and praise.

[*The people go off cheering wildly.*]

MacRae's *Flora Macdonald* has been drawn on for some of the historical materials of this scene.





THE SECOND ATTACK ON FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1865
From the sketch of a painting by J. M. Smith, 1865.

The Interlude

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON with VENTURE and COURAGE now advance to the center of the stage. As the SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON speaks, the SPIRITS waving blue scarfs enter. They are accompanied by LOYALTY, dressed in flowing blue, carrying a Confederate flag.*]

THE SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON

A friend whose staunchness will not fail
Is Loyalty. All hail! All hail!

LOYALTY

I bring you times of happiness
Of planters' life; until distress
Of war and yellow fever came.
But everlasting is the fame
Of those brave souls who, from the sea
To Wilmington, the way kept free—
Brave leaders and their daring aides,
Who ran Confederate blockades.

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON retires to the dais. VENTURE, COURAGE and LOYALTY remain by her; the SPIRITS dance off.*]



The Third Part

CONFEDERATE WILMINGTON

THE FIRST EPISODE
A PLANTATION WEDDING, 1861

When Lincoln's call was made for 75,000 men 'to put down the rebellion,' the whole of the Cape Fear section was fired, and with scarcely any exception looked upon secession and war as the inevitable outcome.

[Sprunt: Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, p. 271, narrative of Mrs. William Parsley.]

EPISODE I.

A Plantation Wedding, 1861

THE CHARACTERS:

BOB HARRISON, the groom

AGNES HARRISON, the bride

W. L. DEROSSET, Captain of the Wilmington Light
Infantry

O. P. MEARES, Captain of the Wilmington Rifle
Guards

JAMES I. METTS, later Captain of Company G, of
the Third North Carolina Regiment

C. CORNEHLSON, Captain of the German Volunteers

JAMES STEVENSON, Lieutenant Commanding the
Cape Fear Light Artillery

MRS. JAMES C. STEVENSON

JOHN L. CANTWELL, Colonel of the 30th Regiment,
North Carolina Militia

O. A. WIGGINS, Captain, Company E, 36th North
Carolina

MRS. O. A. WIGGINS

HENRY SAVAGE, Captain, Company G, 18th North
Carolina

MRS. HENRY SAVAGE

Other wedding guests

SCIPIO, negro bodyguard and slave of Harrison

Slaves, musicians and dancers

THE TIME: April 15, 1861

THE PLACE: An old plantation near Wilmington,
North Carolina

[The scene opens with the darkies gathered about two of their number who are playing the fiddle and the banjo. They are singing chanties, John Kooner songs, and plantation melodies.]

[SCIPIO enters excitedly.]

SCIPIO

Marse Bob and his bride am acomin' disaway!

[Excitement among the negroes. Amid merriment and laughter, the wedding party enters. The bridesmaids and groomsmen enter two by two forming an arch through which the bride and groom advance to the center of the stage. The wedding party forms about them, the darkies filling in the background.]

BOB HARRISON

Scipio!

SCIPIO

[Bowing and scraping.]

Yassir.

BOB HARRISON

Tell the fiddlers to play a reel.

SCIPIO

[To the darkies.]

You lazy niggers, ain't you got sense 'nough ter know what Marse Bob wants you ter do, 'thout him havin' ter tell you. Now gib us a sho 'nough reel.

[A Virginia Reel is danced by the wedding party.]

AGNES HARRISON

[To her husband.]

Bob, dear, let us rest, and watch the games the negroes have been practicing for us.

BOB HARRISON

That's right, I reckon you are tired. Scipio!

SCIPIO

Yassir.

BOB HARRISON

Now show us those dances you have been practicing to welcome your new mistress.

SCIPIO

Yassir. [*Turning to the other darkies.*] Come on, you niggers. We's gwine ter celebrate.

[*Led by SCIPIO, the darkies go through the cotton-picking and the corn-shucking dances, the wedding party watching and chatting lightheartedly. COLONEL CANTWELL enters in militia uniform, evidently much perturbed.*]

COLONEL CANTWELL

Forgive me for interrupting the festivities, but I have a summons from the Governor.

BOB HARRISON

From the Governor?

COLONEL CANTWELL

[*Taking a telegram from his pocket, reads.*]

Colonel John L. Cantwell,
Commander of the Thirtieth Regiment,
North Carolina Militia,
Wilmington, North Carolina.

You will at once assemble the Wilmington Light Infantry, the German Volunteers, the Wilmington Rifle Guards, and the Cape Fear Artillery, proceeding as soon as possible to Forts Caswell and Johnston, to take them without delay, and to hold them against all comers.

JOHN W. ELLIS,
Governor.¹

[*A momentary silence follows. Then CAPTAIN W. L. DEROSSET, of the Wilmington Light Infantry, steps forward.*]

CAPTAIN DEROSSET

I will assemble my men at once.

BOB HARRISON

You mean, John, it's war?

COLONEL CANTWELL

Yes, war. The Secretary of War has demanded two regiments of North Carolina troops to help suppress the rebellion, and Governor Ellis has answered him in the only way a North Carolinian could.

¹*Sprunt's Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 279.

CAPTAIN DEROSSET

When do we start?

COLONEL CANTWELL

As soon as we can assemble the companies. The boat is ready at the foot of Market Street to take us down the river.

LIEUTENANT STEVENSON

[Coming forward.]

I am ready.

COLONEL CANTWELL

I left orders with one of your lieutenants to muster out the Cape Fear Artillery. Your men are assembling at the Armory.

[STEVENSON salutes. DEROSSET and STEVENSON go out.]

COLONEL CANTWELL

James I. Metts!

JAMES METTS

Ready, sir.

COLONEL CANTWELL

The Rifle Guards are meeting before the Court House.

JAMES METTS

I will join them.

[He salutes and withdraws.]

[CANTWELL calls, one by one, the other men in the party. As their names are called they report for duty and go out to join their respective companies. Only HARRISON is left. CANTWELL turns to him.]

COLONEL CANTWELL

Bob, you are my Adjutant, and I have a right to excuse you from duty.

BOB HARRISON

I am going.

COLONEL CANTWELL

But your bride

AGNES HARRISON

I would not keep him from such a glorious adventure.

BOB HARRISON

That's the way to talk! We'll lick the damned Yankees before the watermelons get ripe, eh, Scipio?

SCIPIO

Take me, Marse Bob.

BOB HARRISON

[Slapping him on the back.]

Of course I will. Do you suppose I am going to black my own boots? Come, let's get ready.

[All leave; CANTWELL going in one direction, HARRISON, AGNES HARRISON and SCIPIO in another.]

THE SECOND EPISODE

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE, 1862

The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. . . . The blockade was being maintained with increased vigor. . . . Panic, distress, mute despair, want had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost.

[Sprunt: Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, p. 284;
Dr. Thomas F. Wood in his sketch of Dr. J. H.
Dickson.]

EPISODE II.

Running the Blockade, 1862

THE CHARACTERS:

MRS. ARMAND DEROSSET, mother of Captain W. L.

DeRosset, president of the Soldiers' Aid Society

MRS. ALFRED MARTIN, vice-president and co-worker

MRS. BOB HARRISON

GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, in command of the
fortifications of the Cape Fear

DR. GEORGE THOMAS, port physician

CAPTAIN J. N. MAFFITT, commanding the Confed-
erate steamer *Lilian*

SCIPIO

Citizens, sailors and stevedores

THE TIME: September 29, 1862

THE PLACE: The waterfront of Wilmington, North
Carolina

[The wharves are piled high with cotton. Sailors and stevedores from the compresses are lounging about. There is an epidemic of yellow fever and the air is filled with a pall of heavy black smoke from the burning tar barrels in the streets. Except for the men on the wharves, the streets are practically deserted.]

[MRS. DEROSSET and MRS. MARTIN enter with market baskets on their arms, evidently returning from the morning's shopping.]

MRS. DEROSSET

Isn't it dreadful? \$500 for a barrel of flour!

MRS. MARTIN

And \$50 for a ham! I don't see how people are to live with prices so high.

MRS. DEROSSET

I heard this morning of a new substitute for coffee. It is—

[The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of GENERAL WHITING, who salutes the ladies with a sweeping bow.]

GENERAL WHITING

And how are you, good ladies of the town, this morning?

MRS. MARTIN

In excellent health, but there are many sick here, and many are dying with the yellow fever.

GENERAL WHITING

If necessary, have you room for some wounded?

MRS. DEROSSET

Always.

GENERAL WHITING

The blockade runner *Lilian* is expected today from Bermuda, and I fear that she will have a hard fight to cross the bar. The cordon of blockading cruisers grows tighter every day.

MRS. DEROSSET

We will be ready.

[MRS. DEROSSET and MRS. MARTIN go out. DR. THOMAS enters with a newspaper in his hand.]

GENERAL WHITING

What of your patients, doctor?

DOCTOR THOMAS

You know Dr. Dickson died? Bad, bad. Van Bokkelen is also dead. Read this.¹

[*Handing him the paper.*]

GENERAL WHITING

[*Reading.*]

They praise your work very highly.

DOCTOR THOMAS

The praise belongs to the ladies.²

[MRS. HARRISON comes in.]

MRS. HARRISON

Have you seen Scipio, Doctor? Good morning, General Whiting.

¹Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 285.

²There were comparatively few people left in Wilmington during the yellow fever scourge, as the men were anxious to move their families to safety. Mrs. DeRosset and Mrs. Martin, though not in the yellow fever epidemic, were, as noted, conspicuous in their care of the wounded soldiers.

Dr. Dickson and others "remained to nurse the sick during the horror and few survived." 446 of 3000 inhabitants remaining in the city died within three months. Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 287.

GENERAL WHITING

Good morning, child, you are looking too pale.

DOCTOR THOMAS

Mrs. Harrison, they need workers at the emergency hospital. Some wounded are expected.

MRS. HARRISON

Thank you, Doctor, I will go there. And if you see Scipio—

DOCTOR THOMAS

I will send him to you.

[MRS. HARRISON *nods and goes out.*]

DOCTOR THOMAS

You know, General, neither Mrs. Harrison nor the darky will believe that Bob is dead. Besides her work for the soldiers, he is her only comfort. The rascally negro has been missing for three days, now. I hope he hasn't left her for good.

[*A little boy runs up from the wharf, calling—*]

THE BOY

The *Lilian* is docking!

[*A crowd begins to gather as the Lilian moves slowly to the dock under the burden of her crippled engines, and moors at the wharf. CAPTAIN MAFFITT and others come ashore.*]

GENERAL WHITING

Maffitt! And never a scratch! Any one hurt?

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

Never a man, but we had a perilous run!

GENERAL WHITING

How did you pass the blockade?

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

We were in great danger because we were loaded to the hatch combings with gunpowder for Lee's Army. Just to the north of Cape Lookout we were chased and attacked by the *Shenandoah*. We were on the point of lowering the boats when a boiler burst, and we lost speed. She forged ahead in the fog, ignorant of our position. We limped behind and lost her, having been under continuous fire for four hours.¹

DOCTOR THOMAS

Sounds as though Providence took a hand, doesn't it, General?

GENERAL WHITING

The fog was fortunate.

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

It was indeed, and it helped us over the bar, too. We were hailed, and a voice roared at us, "Heave to, or I'll sink you." They could have done it very easily, so our bridge shouted back, "Aye, aye, we'll stop our engines", and while the cruiser thought we were waiting for her boats to be lowered, we slipped under the cover of the fort.¹

¹*Sprunt's Derelicts*, p. 263 ff.

GENERAL WHITING

Tell me, did you learn anything of the corvette *Florida*?

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

We met her the second night out, came alongside, and took on some packages of opium for the hospitals. And when we dipped our ensigns in parting, I think it was the only time that the Confederate flag has saluted herself on the high seas.¹

GENERAL WHITING

Captain Morris was well?

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

Very. He is a gallant spirit, if there ever was one.

DOCTOR THOMAS

He is indeed.

[*A diversion is created by the advent of SCIPIO, who stumbles down the gang-plank of the Lilian looking half dead and much bedraggled.*]

DOCTOR THOMAS

Why Scipio, where have you been?

SCIPIO

I done been most 'roun' de worl' by now I reckon!

¹Sprunt's *Derelicts*, p. 263 ff.

CAPTAIN MAFFITT

We picked him up the first night out of Bermuda. He was drifting in a ship's boat out on the open seas, frightened to death.

SCIPIO

I sho' wuz. I had done been out dar mos' a month 'thout nothin' ter eat 'cep'en a loaf er bread, an' you know a loaf er bread aint nothin' ter a nigger what's got a appetite lak I is got.

DOCTOR THOMAS

How in Heaven's name did you get way out on the ocean?

SCIPIO

I wuz lookin' for Marse Bob, an' I stowed away on de boat ter go ter Washington an' fin' him. De Cap'n er de ship warn't no decen' man—he turned me aloose way out dar, des' ez soon ez he foun' me hidin' down in the cott'n.

DOCTOR THOMAS

He was a scoundrel!

SCIPIO

Yassir. An' one night I got awful scared, kaze I heerd a bell aringin' way off dar. An' I hollered, an' a big boat come along an' picked me up. An' dar on it was Marse Jeems,¹ whut useter play wif Miss Agnes.

¹James Sprunt, purser of the *Lilian*.

The run of the *Lilian* here described actually occurred at a later date, 1864, but it is placed at this time for dramatic effect.

GENERAL WHITING

Well, Scipio, Miss Agnes wants to see you now.

SCIPIO

Yassir, I'm agoin'!

[SCIPIO *runs out*. DR. THOMAS, GENERAL WHITING
and CAPTAIN MAFFITT *go out at the left*. The
crowd of onlookers has dispersed.]

THE THIRD EPISODE

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER, 1865

Thus fell Fort Fisher after three days' battle unparalleled in the annals of the war.

[Sprunt: Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, p. 384;
General Whiting's official report of the taking of
Fort Fisher on the night of the 15th of January, 1865.]

EPISODE III.

The Fall of Fort Fisher, 1865

THE CHARACTERS:

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, who had replaced General Whiting

AIDES of General Bragg

BOB HARRISON

AGNES HARRISON

SCIPIO

Citizens of Wilmington

THE TIME: January 15, 1865

THE PLACE: A street in Wilmington, North Carolina

GENERAL BRAGG

Is everything ready for the review?

THE AIDE

Yes, sir.

GENERAL BRAGG

Tell Mrs. Bragg to leave town. There is no danger, but it is best to be prepared for the worst. Tell her to get everything ready, and when the review is over I will come to see her off.

THE AIDE

Yes, sir.

[*He goes out.*]

ANOTHER AIDE

You think there is danger of Fort Fisher falling?

GENERAL BRAGG

Not the least in the world. If there were, do you think I would be reviewing the troops? I would have listened to Whiting's letter and to the suggestions of Hoke, and posted them at the Point. But I do not worry.

[He laughs.]

THE AIDE

What if Fisher should fall?

GENERAL BRAGG

Then, as the Richmond paper says, "Goodbye, Wilmington."

THE AIDE

You place all faith in Fisher, then?

GENERAL BRAGG

Why shouldn't I? They have been firing at the Fort for four years, and they haven't hurt it yet. Come along! It would never do for me to be late to the review.

[They go off.]

[Guns are heard booming in the distance. Several citizens enter.]

THE FIRST CITIZEN

Fisher is in danger.

THE SECOND CITIZEN

I fear so.

[*They pass on. A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER enters, limping. His uniform is old and torn, his face covered with a straggly beard. He sits for a moment on a box to rest, looking about with an air of intense longing. SCIPIO enters.*]

THE SOLDIER

[*Rising.*]

Scipio!

SCIPIO

Yassir.

THE SOLDIER

Where is your mistress?

SCIPIO

Fo' de love er Gawd, ef it ain't Marse Bob! Yassir, de missus and me, we ain't never b'lieved you wuz dead, no sir, we knowed you wasn't.

HARRISON

What?

SCIPIO

Yassir, eb'rybody else said we wuz plum' crazy, but we kep' er tryin' ter fin'—

HARRISON

Take me to Miss Agnes, right now. No, I have a commission. You go find her.

THE THIRD CITIZEN

[Coming in.]

Bob Harrison?

HARRISON

The same.

THE THIRD CITIZEN

How? I can't understand.

HARRISON

I was wounded and left dying on the field, made prisoner, and finally recovered. I was exchanged, and landed yesterday at Fort Fisher. Colonel Lamb sent me up today to ask Bragg to send General Hoke's men back to aid the Fort.

THE THIRD CITIZEN

How goes the fight?

HARRISON

The Fort is doomed.

THE THIRD CITIZEN

I'll take you to Bragg at once.

[A COURIER from the Fort rushes in.]

THE COURIER

Fort Fisher has fallen!

HARRISON

Fallen?

THE COURIER

Colonel Lamb is mortally wounded, and General Whiting made prisoner.

[Exclamations of dismay from the citizens.]

THE COURIER

The General seeing the Federal flags planted on the traverses, called on the troops to follow him. They fought hand to hand, and took one traverse. Just as the General was climbing the other and had his hand on the Yankee flag to tear it down, he fell, wounded in two places. A half hour later Colonel Lamb was shot through the hip. In the hospital he said, "I shall never surrender," and General Whiting replied, "If you die, Lamb, I will assume command, and I will never surrender."¹

HARRISON

And yet it fell?

THE COURIER

Major Reilly made the last gallant stand, and his men did all that mortal men could do.

[AGNES HARRISON enters with SCIPIO.]

¹Sprunt's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, p. 386.

MRS. HARRISON

Bob!

[They embrace.]

HARRISON

Agnes!

SCIPIO

Yassir, I done tole her dat ef she'd quit cryin' you'd bring her some'n pretty. I hope you got lots er things out er dem Yankees, kaze now they's done got everything we used ter have.

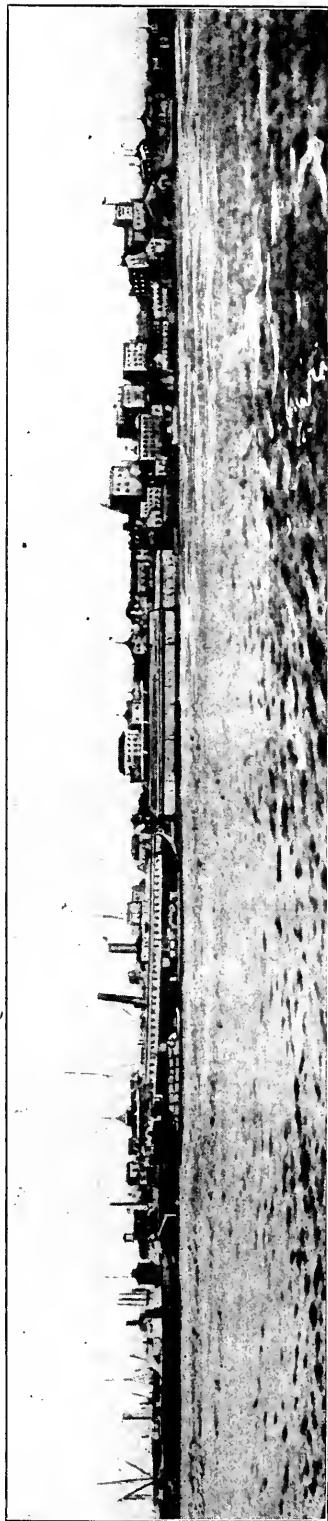
*[HARRISON, MRS. HARRISON and SCIPIO go out.]**[Enter BRAGG with his aides.]**[The COURIER comes in, and salutes.]*

THE COURIER

Fort Fisher has fallen, sir.

GENERAL BRAGG

Fisher fallen? Well then Wilmington, goodbye!



WILMINGTON, 1921
The Gateway Port of North Carolina

The Interlude

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON, VENTURE, COURAGE and LOYALTY advance to the center of the stage followed now by the ATTENDANT SPIRITS, with gold colored scarfs. At the SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON's command they dance out, returning immediately with PROGRESS, likewise in gold, with a ship's model in her arms.*]

THE SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON

Spirits, go on dancing feet
That our hearts and hands may greet
Whom you bring to join our train—
Progress—or all else were vain.

PROGRESS

Wilmington behind me stand
Whene'er a crisis is at hand.
You bravely stood, as nations know,
At call to arms four years ago.

Now that peace has come once more,
Turn your gaze upon our shore;
See our port, a growing pride,
Foreign vessels side by side
With our boats; and ship-yards vast.
May the Future bless the Past!

[*The SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON retires to the dais, VENTURE, COURAGE, LOYALTY, PROGRESS and the ATTENDANT SPIRITS grouped about her.*]

The Fourth Part

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF WILMINGTON



THE FIRST EPISODE
THE CALL TO ARMS, 1917

*These are the deeds which should not pass away
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay.*

EPISODE I.

The Call to Arms, 1917

[In response to the bugler's call to arms, there assembles a host of soldiers and sailors accompanied by representatives of the various war time organizations: Red Cross nurses, canteen workers, motor corps, work-room workers, home service workers, and Juniors; workers of the National Special Aid, Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy Scouts, Hemenway Drum and Bugle Corps. The Service Flag of New Hanover County is unfurled as the Star Spangled Banner is played.]

THE SECOND EPISODE
THE FUTURE PORT OF WILMINGTON

*Bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours.
Advance! Spare not! Nor look behind!
Plow deep and straight with all your powers!*

R. H. H. HORNE.

EPISODE II.

The Future Port of Wilmington

[All the players of the Pageant assemble on the water front to review the Procession of Ships, suggesting the future of Wilmington symbolized in the development of her port. As the ships pass in review, all join in singing, America, the Beautiful, with particular emphasis on the last verse.]

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His Grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

APPENDIX

The Players of the Pageant.

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.....ALEXANDER POPE

THE HERALDS.....*Masters Ernest Beale, Robert Grady, David Harris,
Peter Brown Ruffin, William Whitehead, Thomas
Darst, Jr., Sothern Hatchell*

THE SPIRIT OF WILMINGTON.....*Mrs. Frank Ross*
VENTURE.....*Miss Helen Menzies*

THE ATTENDANT SPIRITS.....*Misses Evelyn Harriss, Caroline Bear, Chris-
tine Butler, Dorothy McNair, Elizabeth
Campbell, Ruth DeWitt, Charlotte DeWitt,
Lillian Newell, Mary Bethany Sisley, Mag-
gie Cantwell, Miriam Weeks, Jean McCabe*

WATCOOSA.....*Mr. Lacy Hunt*

MAHAIWEE.....*Mrs. A. B. Skelding*

LEELINAW.....*Mrs. Walter Storm*

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